



The streets are covered in snow, tracks of tires and footprints cover a wide array of the pavement. The wind blows continuously, sometimes intense, sometimes calm but enchanting nonetheless. As it is December 24th, Christmas Eve, the joyful time of the year. The city is covered in string lights of various colors. The time is evening and people are walking down the streets wearing warm coats and scarves, with their loved ones in hand. Everything was magical, or it was until...

"Everybody, hands where I can see 'em!!" A man wearing a black balaclava could be heard shouting.

This was the local bank in Leeds. And right now, three men in black outfits wearing balaclavas, armed with pistols and shotguns, could be seen committing a crime, a bank robbery. These men are no strangers to crimes and are willing to kill if deemed necessary.

Outside, the festive atmosphere continued, unaware of the tension building inside the bank. The lights twinkled, and the laughter of families filled the air. But inside the bank, the situation was anything but joyful.



The small bank in Leeds was filled with tension. The ground floor, with its various cash counters, was under the control of two armed men, while the third member of the gang was upstairs, ensuring no one called the cops. The upper floor, where the vault was kept, also had a balcony that allowed a clear view of the ground floor.

"Nobody moves!!!" shouted one of the men, pointing a shotgun at the nearby cash counter. "Cash in the bag now!!! And nobody gets hurt!!!"

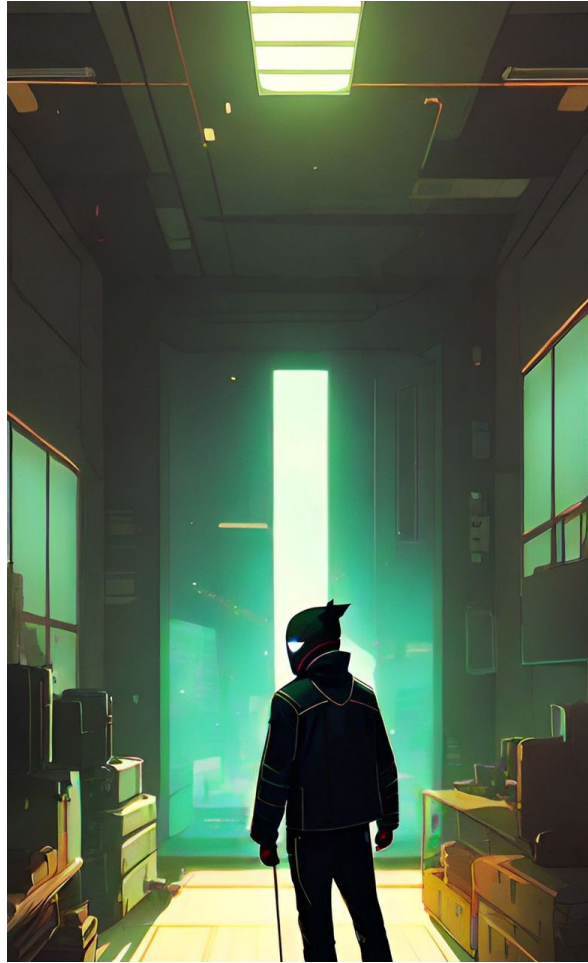
The customers and staff were paralyzed with fear, their eyes darting between the robbers and the exits. The festive atmosphere outside seemed like a distant memory as the reality of the situation

The lady standing behind the counter scared beyond belief quickly slid her hand down the desk and clicked on something as fast as she could and then the robber's shotgun went off with a **BAM!** And soon after a loud siren could be heard all over the bank, it was an emergency alarm.

The robber was astounded, but not because of the courage the woman was able to muster up, but because of the bullet holes on the wall and the woman nowhere to be found. He then looked to his left and saw the woman kneeling on the floor. But how was that possible? One moment the gun was in front of her face, and the next she was kneeling meters away from it.

It took him a moment to notice a man wearing a green jacket with a facemask right beside the woman, looking right at him. He did not waste another moment and shot at that man, but then he vanished from his eyes, leaving a trail of green blurry image to the right. The man kept shooting at the blur, but none of the shots were hitting him as the blur kept moving from one desk to another, running on the walls, left and right at immense speed.

That was me. I am **The Blur.**



With a smile under my mask, I kept toying with them, sometimes moving right behind them, sometimes moving near their faces. For them, it was seconds, but for me, it felt like minutes. I could see every bullet moving at the speed of a turtle, too easy to dodge. I had sort of mastered my speed now. But I was doing nothing but stalling time for him. My best friend. Yes, **him**.

While they were focused on me, one of their members who was up on the second floor crashed down with a loud smash! I took my cue to quickly hide behind one of the counters. The two-armed men looked up at the railings of the second floor and saw a person

dressed in an orange jacket, wearing a facemask, looking at them with his hands gripping the rails in an aggressive manner.

The robbers' eyes widened in shock and confusion. Who was this new figure? The tension in the air was palpable as they tried to process what was happening. The mysterious figure in the orange jacket stood firm, his presence commanding and intimidating.



The robbers aimed their guns at him, but he remained unfazed. With a powerful leap, he descended as they opened fire, missing every shot while he was in mid-air. He landed between them with a



thunderous impact, creating a shockwave that sent them crashing into the nearby counter. Without hesitation, he charged at the man holding the shotgun, lifting him by the collar and hurling him against the wall. The force of the impact left a massive dent in the wall.

The other thug, now desperate, aimed his gun at him, ready to shoot. But just as he was about to pull the trigger, a yellow slime ran down his thumb. It was a banana. He threw it away in panic, unable to comprehend what had just happened. Then he looked to his left and saw me, rolling the gun in my hand, taunting him. What did I do back there? I had replaced his gun with a nearby banana at superspeed before he even had the chance to fire. He started screaming, his voice trembling with fear.

"Omg!!! NO!!! What are you guys!!! Please let me go!!! I promise I  
—"

Before he could finish his plea, my best friend in the orange jacket delivered a powerful punch to his face, knocking him out cold. I stood next to him, surveying the chaotic scene. Papers and bullet casings littered the floor, and the walls were riddled with bullet holes. The flickering lights added to the eerie atmosphere. The people in the bank, who had been paralyzed with fear, now looked at us with a mix of confusion and awe. Were we their saviors or something else entirely?

And just as I was about to say, "It's all okay now," amid the chaos, I saw one of the robbers, the one who had fallen on the ground, pointing his gun at my friend and pressing the trigger.

Time seemed to slow down, and in that moment, I sprang into action. The bullet inched forward, closing the gap. I wasn't ready for this; everything was happening so suddenly. Then I spotted the nearby counter. I dashed towards it and hurled the massive table between my friend and the bullet as fast as I could, causing me to crash into the wall, struggling to maintain my balance.

But then, to my horror, I saw a bullet piercing through his neck. It wasn't the bullet fired by the robber on the ground, as that one had been stopped by the table I threw. This shot came from elsewhere. It came from the balcony on the second floor. The fourth member of the crew.

None of us even knew he was there. He had concealed himself well on the second floor. He was different from the others. Unlike the other robbers, he wore a bulletproof vest, and on his forehead were NVG goggles. His entire getup was professional. And in his hand was a silenced pistol.

The realization hit me like a ton of bricks. This was no ordinary heist. The fourth member was a professional, and he had been waiting for the perfect moment to strike. The tension in the air was suffocating, and the stakes had never been higher. My heart pounded as I tried to process what had just happened



Blood spurted from the wound in my friend's neck as he collapsed to the floor, clutching his neck, struggling in pain and gasping for air. I was paralyzed, unable to process what to do in that moment.

But then, within 30 seconds, the bleeding stopped. He removed his hand from his neck. No trace of the wound. He then stood up slowly, his eyes burning with anger as he looked at the shooter on the second floor. Well, that's him alright. I don't know why I keep worrying about him. Nothing can harm him anyway. No blade, no bullets. I haven't tested anything bigger than that, but I'm sure it will have the same effect. You know why?



Because he is my best friend, Ahnaf... **The Immortal.**

The shooter, realizing what had just happened, quickly jumped out of the nearby window, landing safely on the pavement below.

Immortal and I gave chase. As we burst outside, we saw him speeding away in a blue sports car. The night was far from over, and the chase had just begun.



Various police cars and a helicopter gathered around, their spotlights trained on us. Immortal and I knew we couldn't let that man escape; he seemed too important. But then I remembered the

armed robber still inside the building, the one who had shot Immortal from the floor. If we pursued the man in the car, it would turn into a hostage situation inside the bank all over again. With the police closing in, we had no choice but to disarm the remaining robber and find a way to escape.

"Go disarm the remaining robber," Immortal said, preparing to leap high up the bank.

"But what about you? How will you outrun the cops all alone without me carrying you away?" I replied, concerned.

"I have my ways," he smiled, and with that, he jumped up from the roof of the bank. He turned on his smartwatch and dialed a number.

"You are seeing this, right?" Immortal spoke into the device, his voice calm and confident.



"Way ahead of you, Immortal. Already on his trail," a familiar voice crackled through the earpiece.

"I'll take the rooftops then. Keep me updated on his position," Immortal replied, launching himself from rooftop to rooftop, his powerful leaps closing the gap between him and the speeding car below.

Down the bustling street, a figure in a sleek biker outfit and helmet weaved through traffic on a high-speed sports bike, expertly dodging cars left and right as he pursued the blue sports car. With a tap on his helmet, he activated his comms, "**Mid-Nite**, in pursuit."

It is Mid-Nite, right now he is chasing the blue sports car across the streets on his bike. The sound of high-speed vehicles and tires screeching, leaving burnt marks, could be heard all over the street as both tried to move as fast as possible. While the car is faster, Mid-Nite is making up the distance by moving along the alleyway. Down in the distance, Immortal could be seen jumping from one rooftop to another, trying his best to keep up.

Immortal, was giving it his all. He leaped from one rooftop, aiming for the next, but misjudged the distance and ended up clinging to a fire escape ladder. "Well, that wasn't part of the plan," he muttered to himself, pulling himself up and continuing his pursuit.

As he jumped again, he landed on a rooftop covered in laundry lines. He got tangled in a particularly stubborn bedsheet, flailing around

like a ghost trying to escape. "Seriously? Who hangs laundry at night?" he grumbled, finally freeing himself and resuming his chase.

Mid-Nite, meanwhile, was expertly navigating the alleyways, his bike roaring as he closed in on the blue sports car. He couldn't help but chuckle at Immortal's antics, hearing the occasional crash and muttered curses from above.

Immortal, determined to catch up, made another leap, this time landing on a rooftop with a skylight. He crashed through it, landing in someone's living room. "Sorry! Just passing through!" he called out to the bewildered family, quickly exiting through the front door and back onto the rooftops.

Despite his mishaps, Immortal's spirit remained unbroken. He continued to leap from rooftop to rooftop, occasionally tripping over chimneys or slipping on icy surfaces. "I'm getting the hang of this... sort of," he reassured himself.

Mid-Nite, now almost parallel with the blue sports car, glanced up and saw Immortal finally gaining some ground. "Hang in there," he thought, amused by his determination.

The chase continued, with Mid-Nite and Immortal working together in their own unique ways.



"Bah! Kid, what makes him think he can keep up when even I am struggling!" Mid-Nite exhaled, frustration evident in his voice.

He watched the blue sports car speed into a nearby tunnel leading towards the highway. Pressing a button on his helmet, he called out, "Hey kid, he's heading towards the highway. Change your direction. Head towards Popos Petrol Pump, right now!"

"Alright, I'm on it," came the quick reply.

Mid-Nite glanced at his speedometer as he neared the tunnel. He was pushing 126 mph, but it still wasn't enough to close the gap.

The distance between him and the blue car seemed to grow with every passing second. Behind him, three police cars struggled to keep up, their sirens blaring in the night.

"Come on, come on," Mid-Nite muttered to himself, weaving through traffic with expert precision. He knew he had to catch up before the car reached the highway, where it would be even harder to track.

Meanwhile, Immortal, still leaping from rooftop to rooftop, was doing his best to keep pace. "Why did I think I could keep up with a speeding car?" he grumbled, narrowly avoiding another laundry line.

"This is ridiculous!"

But despite the odds, the rookie hero's determination never wavered. He adjusted his course, heading towards Popos Petrol Pump as instructed, hoping to intercept the car before it could escape.

The chase was reaching a critical point, and the pressure was on.

"Ughh, waste of good money! Time to get serious!!!" Mid-Nite grumbled, determination etched on his face.

He pressed two buttons on either side of his handlebar, and a '**WOOSSSHHHH!**' sound erupted from the exhaust, propelling the bike forward with a burst of speed. Pale blue flames shot out of the exhaust as the bike accelerated. It was Nitrous Oxide. The bike's speed climbed rapidly: **130mph... 140mph... 150mph**. Inside the



tunnel, the gap between him and the blue sports car was closing fast.

Mid-Nite pulled out his nightstick, now just a few meters behind the car. In the distance, a bright light loomed. He glanced at his nitro meter—it was almost empty. Electricity crackled from the tip of the nightstick as he extended his arm. He knew that a single tap on the car would be enough to disable the engine.

"Alright!! NOW OR NE—"

Suddenly, his bike jerked violently as a loud **BANG** echoed from below, followed by a flapping and thumping noise. He lost his balance. The tire had punctured. He swerved the bike to the right, drifting, steel scraping against the street at high speed, leaving a massive trail of sparks. Mid-Nite clung to his bike, refusing to let go. But it was hopeless; he knew that whether he held on or not, a crash was imminent. His life as Mid-Nite was about to come to a crashing halt. He took a deep breath, bracing himself for the inevitable.

The world started slowing down around him as he faced his impending doom. In those moments, everything seemed to move in slow motion. The sound of the high-speed vehicles and screeching tires faded into the background, replaced by the rhythmic thumping of his own heartbeat.

Sparks flew from the scraping metal of his bike, creating a mesmerizing display of fiery trails that danced in the air. Each spark seemed to hang in the air for an eternity, casting an eerie glow on

the tunnel walls. The flickering lights above added to the surreal atmosphere, their beams cutting through the haze of smoke and dust.

Amidst the chaos, he noticed the shattered fragments of his bike's tire, tumbling through the air like confetti. The pieces seemed to float, suspended in time, as if mocking the gravity of the situation. The tunnel's walls, usually a blur at high speed, now revealed every crack and imperfection, each detail etched into his mind.

And then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw something even more surreal. A man in a green costume, running beside him with a smile under his mask, waving hi.

"Hey there, buddy! Need a hand?" I said, my voice a cheerful blur as I zipped past him, waving enthusiastically.



"Hey Mid-Nite!" I grinned, scooping him up in my arms, leaving his bike to crash spectacularly into the nearby wall. I sprinted towards the light at the end of the tunnel, the blue car just a few meters ahead. As I ran, I noticed the look of satisfaction in his eyes as he had been closing in on the car with his bike. Who am I to deny someone their moment of glory?

"The glory is yours!" I declared, but of course, he couldn't understand a word I said because my speech was super-fast. Without thinking, I hurled him towards the car anyway.

And then, in a split second, I realized my mistake. I saw Immortal leaping down towards the car, about to crash into it. "Oh no, not again!" I thought. I zoomed in, catching Mid-Nite in midair and whisking him away towards the grass. We tumbled to a stop, and I gently placed him down.

All this happened in 5 seconds, but for me, it felt like 5 minutes. Mid-Nite looked at me, bewildered and slightly dizzy



The bike crashed and exploded with a deafening bang inside the tunnel, sending shards of steel flying and causing a truck to flip over, creating a massive pile-up that halted the police cars in their tracks. Outside the tunnel, Immortal, with both fists clenched, came crashing down onto the hood of the blue sports car, pummeling it with such force that it flipped and rolled into a nearby tree. I watched the scene unfold, feeling a sense of accomplishment. Today, I had saved Mid-Nite, thrown him back into danger, and saved him again. I had finally... mastered my speed. And then, out of nowhere, I got electrified.

"Wha- Bttzzzz!!!" I screamed as Mid-Nite jabbed his nightstick into my legs. My entire body convulsed, and I collapsed to the ground, twitching.

"Don't you... EVER... throw me... and play ball with me... EVER... YOU HEAR ME???" Mid-Nite growled, his grumpy demeanor in full force.

I lay on the snow, shivering. "Oka- okay okay... I... I promise," I stammered, trying to catch my breath.

Mid-Nite, still fuming, crossed his arms and glared at me. "Seriously, kid, what were you thinking? I'm not a frisbee!"

I couldn't help but chuckle, despite the lingering tingles from the shock. "I just thought you could use a little excitement," I said, grinning sheepishly.

"Excitement?!" Mid-Nite huffed. "Next time, just let me handle it my way, alright?"

I lay down on the snow shivering "Oka- okay okay... I ... I promise"

He then started moving towards the car along with Immortal. Smoke billowed from the overturned vehicle near the tree. There was still some time before the cops arrived. Within that window, we could grab the guy and make our escape. I followed closely behind. Immortal tore open the door and found the guy unconscious.

"So, Mid-Nite, we don't have much time. What's the plan?" Immortal asked, urgency in his voice.

Mid-Nite, ever the strategist, replied, "Blur, you remember our warehouse?"

"Yes, I do," I responded, already anticipating his next move.

"Take him there," he ordered, his eyes scanning the distant woods.

I picked up the unconscious thug and asked, "What about you guys?"

"We'll lose them in the woods," Mid-Nite said, his tone resolute.

Without hesitation, I carried the thug and sprinted around the woods towards a safer entrance to the city's downtown district. The wind whipped past me as I navigated the terrain with ease. In the



distance, I saw Mid-Nite and Immortal vanish into the woods just as the police helicopter arrived and the tunnel was cleared out.



In the distance, a charming suburban house stands out, adorned with twinkling fairy lights that wrap around the porch, casting a warm and inviting glow. The soft hum of Christmas carols fills the air, playing on the radio inside, adding to the festive ambiance. The front yard is decorated with a variety of ornaments, including a cheerful snowman, a reindeer, and a Santa Claus figure, all illuminated by the lights. A wreath made of pine branches, red

berries, and a big red bow hangs on the front door, welcoming guests with holiday cheer.

Upstairs, in a cozy pink room, stands Kelly. She gazes at herself in the mirror, anticipation and excitement evident in her eyes. She is dressed in a stunning sleeveless black gown that accentuates her elegance. A delicate silver necklace adorns her neck, catching the light with every movement. Her pale white face is complemented by a slight tint of pink blush on her cheeks, and her pink lips are now a vibrant red, thanks to her lipstick. She looks absolutely gorgeous, ready for a magical Christmas Eve with her loved one.



Kelly's heart raced as she anxiously checked her phone for updates about the bank robbery and car chase. She couldn't help but worry about Ahnaf, but she knew better than to interfere while he was out fighting crime. She trusted him completely, knowing that no matter what, he would always come back to her.

Just as she was lost in her thoughts, the doorbell rang.

Ahnaf stands outside with flowers in hand, wearing a sharp black tuxedo along with a bow tie. The crisp evening air adds a touch of excitement to the moment.

"Oh Ahnaf! What a handsome young man you are looking wearing that!" Kelly's mom exclaims with a warm smile. "I'm sure Kelly is ready, let me call her."

Just as she was about to call, Kelly appears at the top of the stairs, wearing a stylish coat over her stunning gown. She gracefully descends the stairs, each step filled with elegance. Ahnaf is struck by her beauty, feeling as if he is falling in love with her all over again. To him, she looks absolutely perfect.

With a charming smile, Ahnaf extends his hand and says, "May I, pretty lady?"



"Of course!" Kelly couldn't help but blush as she held his hand.

They left together, heading towards the city center where the fair was in full swing.

As Ahnaf and Kelly strolled through the fair, their playful banter filled the air with joy.

"Remember the last time we rode the Ferris wheel?" Ahnaf teased, "You were so scared, you held onto my arm the entire time!"

Kelly laughed, "Well, this time, I'll be brave. But you better not let go of my hand!"

They rode the Ferris wheel, enjoying the breathtaking view of the city lights. As they reached the top, Ahnaf pointed out the twinkling Christmas lights below. "Look, it's like a sea of stars down there."

Kelly smiled, "It's beautiful. Just like this moment with you."

After the ride, they headed to the cotton candy stand. Ahnaf playfully tried to steal a bite from Kelly's cotton candy. "Hey, that's mine!" she giggled, swatting his hand away.

"Sharing is caring," Ahnaf grinned, taking a piece and offering it to her.

They wandered through the fair, stopping to watch a Christmas play. As the actors performed, Ahnaf whispered, "You know, I could totally play the hero in one of these plays."

Kelly chuckled, "You already are a hero ... my hero!"

Later, they found themselves in a playful snowball fight. "You can't catch me!" Kelly taunted, running away as Ahnaf playfully chased her. They laughed and threw snowballs at each other, their cheeks rosy from the cold and excitement.





As midnight approached, they found a quiet bench and sat down, watching the fireworks light up the sky. "This has been the best Christmas Eve," Kelly said softly.

Ahnaf took her hand, "It's perfect because I'm with you."

The colorful lights from the fireworks cast a beautiful glow on their faces. They leaned in closer, their eyes locked in a tender gaze. The world around them faded away as they shared a romantic kiss under the dazzling Christmas sky.





"I love you, Kelly," Ahnaf said, looking deeply into her eyes.

"I love you too, Ahnaf," Kelly replied, leaning in and pressing her lips against his.

Just as they were about to be lost in each other's arms, a small bell rang. Ahnaf looked for the source of the sound and found a tent with a sign above it that read "**KNOW YOUR FUTURE.**"

Kelly's eyes lit up with curiosity. "Ahnaf, come on, let's go! Let's see what the future holds!"

"Oh, come on, you can't believe in people with giant balls to tell your future!" Ahnaf chuckled.

"Even so, it will be fun! Come on!!!" Kelly insisted, her excitement contagious.

Kelly's cherished nature always had a way of swaying Ahnaf's mind. She was the sweetest, and her presence alone was enough to make him smile. She held Ahnaf's hand and led him inside the tent.

Inside, the tent was dimly lit, with a round glass ball in the center of the table. Beyond the table sat a woman in long ruffled skirts, with a shawl covering her body.



"Sit," the gypsy woman commanded, her voice echoing with an unsettling authority.

"Yes, miss!" Kelly responded eagerly, her excitement mingling with a sense of foreboding as she sat down with Ahnaf next to her.

"What is your name, young man?" the gypsy woman asked, her eyes piercing through the dim light.

"My name is Ahnaf, and this is Kelly," Ahnaf replied, his voice steady but wary.

"Place your hand on this globe, young lady," she instructed, her tone dripping with an eerie calm.

Kelly obeyed, her unwavering smile masking the growing tension. The gypsy woman placed her hand on the globe, closing her eyes. Moments later, she removed her hand and spoke in a cryptic, chilling tone.

"Beware, for the trust you place in your beloved will weave the threads of your undoing."

"What nonsense!" Ahnaf exclaimed, standing up abruptly. "I knew this was useless."

"Ahnaf," Kelly said softly, her eyes fixed on the ground. Her genuine smile had faded, replaced by a forced expression. "Sit... I want to know yours too."

"But Kelly—"

"No buts, please... do this for me," she pleaded, her voice tinged with an eerie insistence.

Reluctantly, Ahnaf agreed and sat down, placing his hand on the globe. "Okay, I am ready."

The gypsy woman placed her hand on the globe once more. She looked at Ahnaf, and her eyes suddenly glowed a haunting purple.

**"You aren't,"**

she intoned, her voice echoing with a chilling finality. The air grew thick with an unsettling silence, as if the very fabric of reality had shifted.

The entire room suddenly plunged into an abyss of darkness, swallowing everything in its path. Ahnaf's heart raced as he looked around frantically, but everyone had vanished. Kelly, the gypsy woman, everything was gone. It was just Ahnaf and the globe, surrounded by an unending void of darkness. The globe began to glow an eerie pink, and the air filled with the chilling screams of people pleading, their voices echoing through the void, some familiar, others unknown.

**"Please don't do this!"**

**"The root will consume us all!"**

**"You have created something that cannot be destroyed!"**

**"You were meant to save us, not destroy us!"**

**"That... That thing feeds on our- AHHH!!!"**

Ahnaf stood up, his voice trembling with a mix of anger and fear.

"What trickery is this!? Come out at once!"

Suddenly, the area around Ahnaf illuminated, revealing a dark, foreboding forest with only one path forward. In front of him stood a door, the only way out. The trees began to close the route behind him with each step he took, urging him forward. He reached for the handle and opened the door, stepping into a barren wasteland, dark and devoid of life.

In the distance, a pink silhouette, seemingly made of pure energy, stood out against the desolate landscape. Behind it loomed a giant rotting tree, its twisted branches reaching out like skeletal fingers.

Various figures could be seen fighting against the entity, their efforts desperate and futile. One by one, they were destroyed, their screams echoing through the wasteland. As the last figure fell, the entity let out a blood-curdling scream, and everything turned dark once more. The oppressive silence returned, leaving Ahnaf alone in the void, haunted by the visions he had witnessed. The air was thick with an ominous presence, as if the very fabric of reality had been twisted and corrupted.



Down the distance, a faint pink light flickered, beckoning Ahnaf forward. With no other choice, he followed the light, his steps echoing in the eerie silence. As he approached, the light grew brighter, and a familiar voice resonated through the darkness. It was the voice of the woman with the pink eyes from his past dream.

**"Let her go, you must live,"** the voice commanded, its tone both haunting and urgent.

Ahnaf's heart pounded as he screamed into the void, "Why are you doing this? I have never done anything to you!"



The voice replied, its words echoing with a chilling finality, "**YOU WILL.**"

Suddenly, the ground beneath Ahnaf's feet gave way, and he plummeted into the abyss. His screams filled the darkness as he fell, the sensation of falling overwhelming him. Just as he thought he would be lost forever, a sudden jolt brought him back to reality, and his eyes snapped open.

"HUHHH!!" Ahnaf shouted as he yanked his hand away from the globe.

Kelly was beside him, her hand gently resting on his shoulder. She looked at him with concern. "Are you okay? You spaced out for a minute there."

"I think we should go," Ahnaf said, standing up and holding Kelly's hand tightly.

"Don't you want to know your future, young man?" the gypsy woman asked with a sly smile.

"No!" Ahnaf replied hastily, pulling Kelly towards the exit.

As they hurried to leave, the gypsy woman's laughter echoed through the tent. "We will meet again, Originator of Ruin..."

Her words sent a shiver down Ahnaf's spine as they stepped out into the night, the eerie encounter lingering in his mind.



Ahnaf quickly left the tent with Kelly, walking as fast as he could towards her house. The sensation of dread from the gypsy woman lingered, her evil look and chilling laugh sending shivers down his spine. There was an unsettling energy that seemed to emanate from inside the tent, perhaps from the gypsy woman herself. Her entire presence filled Ahnaf with a deep sense of foreboding.

Kelly kept asking him what had happened, her voice filled with concern. "Ahnaf, what did she say to you? Are you okay?"

Ahnaaf remained silent, his mind racing with the gypsy woman's cryptic words. He couldn't bring himself to share the ominous prediction with Kelly. "It's nothing, Kelly. Let's just get you home."

Kelly tried to comfort him, her smile unwavering despite the worry in her eyes. "Come on, Ahnaaf, don't be so serious. Remember that time we got lost in the city and ended up at that amazing ice cream shop? That was an adventure!"

Ahnaaf forced a small smile, but his thoughts were too consumed by the encounter to fully engage in her lighthearted attempts. "Yeah, that was something," he replied, his voice distant.

Kelly continued to crack small jokes and share funny memories, hoping to lift his spirits. "You know, you still owe me a rematch in that snowball fight. I totally won!"

Ahnaaf managed a weak chuckle, but the weight of the gypsy woman's words pressed heavily on his mind. "We'll see about that," he said, trying to sound more cheerful.

It was 1am by the time they reached Kelly's house. Ahnaaf walked her to the door, his heart heavy with worry. "Goodnight, Kelly. Stay safe."

"You too, Ahnaaf. And remember, I'm here for you," Kelly said, giving him a reassuring hug before heading inside.

As soon as Kelly was safely inside, Ahnaf pulled out his phone and called his mom. The need to hear her voice and seek her comfort was overwhelming.

"Mom, are you okay?" Ahnaf asked, his voice tinged with worry.

"Yes, I am. Did something happen?" Ruvana replied, sensing the unease in her son's voice.

"No, it's okay. I was just checking up," Ahnaf said, trying to sound casual.

He cut the call and hurried home. As soon as he walked through the door, he was greeted by the comforting sight of his mother. Without a word, he hugged her tightly, seeking solace in her embrace.

"Ahnaf, is everything alright? You seem troubled," Ruvana asked, her concern evident.

Ahnaf hesitated, not wanting to burden his mother with the strange events of the night. "I'm fine, Mom. Just a bit tired," he replied, forcing a smile.

Ruvana looked at him with a mixture of love and worry. "You know you can talk to me about anything, right?"

"I know, Mom. Thank you," Ahnaf said, his voice soft. He gave her one last hug before heading upstairs to his room.

Once in his room, Ahnaf collapsed onto his bed, his mind racing. The gypsy woman's words echoed in his head, mingling with the memories of his unsettling dreams. None of it made sense. What did she mean by him doing something to her? The randomness of it all was maddening.

As he lay there, trying to piece everything together, his phone rang. The caller ID showed it was Mid-Nite.



"Mid-Nite... I'm tired. Can we do this tomorrow?" Ahnaf stated in an exhausted tone.

"How do you know Doctor Ramsey!?" Mid-Nite's voice was filled with anger.

"What do you mean? How do you know him? I never told you anything about my life! Are you spying on me!?" Ahnaf retorted, his exhaustion giving way to frustration.

"Because he sure seems to know who YOU are!" Mid-Nite shot back.

"What? How do you know all this!?" Ahnaf demanded, his heart pounding.

"Because Dr. Ramsey is the one I am interrogating right now," Mid-Nite revealed, his voice cold and unyielding.

"What!? Why are you doing this? He is a good guy!" Ahnaf stood up from his bed, already getting ready to suit up.

Mid-Nite's voice cut through the tension. "Because your good Dr. Ramsey is the one we've been chasing across the city this evening."

"What do you... mean?" Ahnaf's voice wavered, the weight of the revelation sinking in.

"Dr. Ramsey is the fourth member of the robbers... The one who shot you,".



